

The W E E D E R S. C A T C H. A. 4. *Voc.*

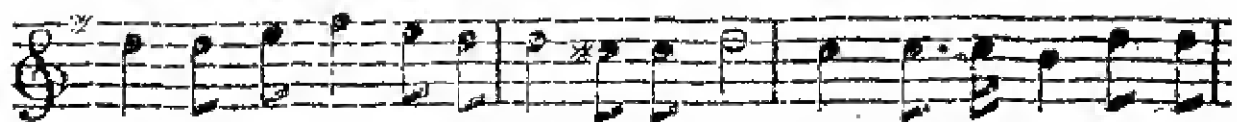
Dr. Arne.



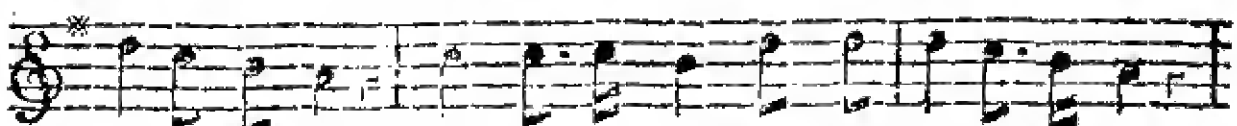
Joan marching forth, Joan marching forth, Joan marching forth



with an old rus-sy knife, Tuck'd up her tail, Tuck'd up her tail,



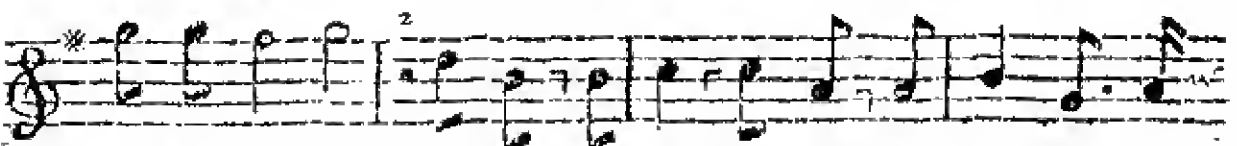
Tuck'd up her tail in the garden to weed; Ralph who an hour had been



toiling for life, Ralph who an hour had been toiling for life,



Call'd on the de-vil, Call'd on the de-vil, Call'd on the de-vil to



quicken her speed: Rot you, said he, rot you, said he, where the

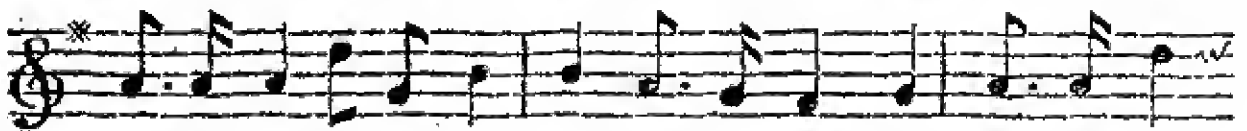


duce, where the duce have you been? Plague on your conscience,

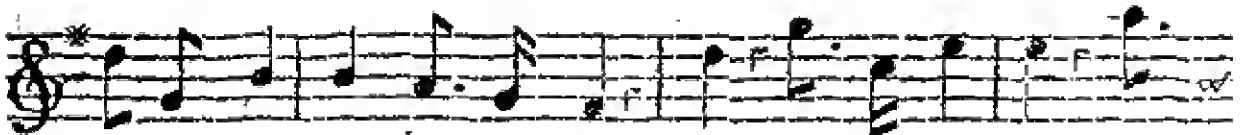
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plague on your conscience, plague on your conscience, must I work alone;



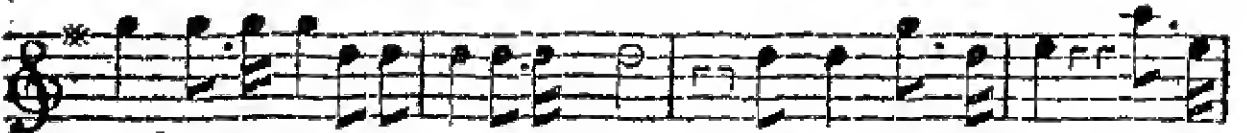
Down with that thistle, those coleworts between, Down, down with that



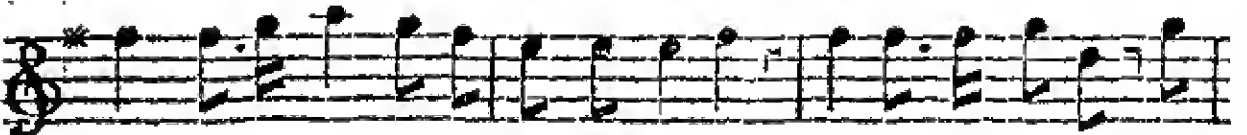
thistle, those coleworts between: Mind, mind you old whore, mind



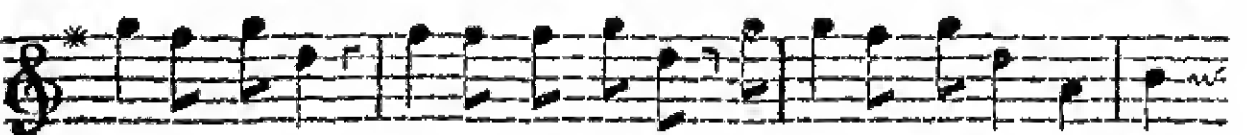
you old whore, or I'll tip you, I'll tip you a stone, Oh! she cry'd



out with a terrible, terrible squall, I've had such a prick, such a



prick, such a prick as will make me run mad: Pox on this thistle, the



garden and all, Pox on this thistle, the garden and all, No fling

Continued.

